Linguistic Mandala

A spiritual text of phonetic phenomena.

By Nicholas Bossen.

Uncovering the shared essence of homophones. The genuine discovery that words which sound the same are of the same source of essence. The words by definition of course have different meanings on the surface, but in this Linguistic Mandala I show how they share a source of essence when their meanings collapse into one coherent shared meaning all while tying it all back to Jesus Christ.

Written with the goal of raising awareness of essence which I believe is the sea behind the veil of the mind.

The English language itself functions as a living mandala, a preexisting contemplative map that repeatedly collapses back into the same underlying spiritual essence.

see the sea
from the prairie
see the prairie
from the sea
see your body
in the reflection
see the reflection
of your body

All We See Is Sea

sæ whole mind, the heart sees the whole mind so the essence experiences the sea through its ties and tides.

sæ whole mind, I''m saying sea and see at the same time.

The sea is the essence of all beings. The sea is the life under all the things, like our bodies, the essence beneath them, animating them through feelings is the sea. The sea is the life of all life. The mind is the thing of all things. The side of life and the side of things are perfectly sewn together.

The sea's seeds are sown through the minds things.

When you see the truth, you see the sea, you see what it truly essentially is. Is that feeling you feel just those chemicals in your brain making you feel that way? I dont think so. Those chemicals are just a reaction, but who's reacting? Those chemicals are just an effect, but what's causing? I believe it is the sea.

When we look, we can only look at the surface. The surface is the pine of the mind which is just the outside of the mind. When we see, we can only see the sea. The base essential essence of living truth.

In the inside of the mind we look at thoughts, we imagine images, we feel what we think and imagine which feels good or bad, what we yearn for and what we desire make you feel pleasure when you satisfy them. My point is that the source of those feelings is apart of the sea in their entirety.

For example.. Why does just an image that depicts a naked body arouse you? How does just an image have a whole feeling attached to it that releases chemicals of desire? Underneath the pine of the image is the essence of that feeling in the sea. Underneath the reacting is the reaction and underneath the reaction is the acting and underneath the acting is the action, full circle, is the sole essence of the sea.

The chemicals are a thing, all things belong to the mind.

We live a life that belongs to the sea, from the story's to the feelings. We are not life, we are living a life that belongs to the sea. We are living, we are not life. The sole essence is the sea. The sole essence of you and me and everyone else, are our souls. The mind is just how it looks and forms, a lens we look through, siphoning the sea.

The sea and the mind are two sides of the same coin, that coin is the token to our current existence.

Under the pine. Under the pineal.

A pine koan falls from a pine tree and hits you on the top of your head.

If you choose a thing over what's right, like choosing money over others well-being, you become consumed by the mind, the thing of all things, as money is a thing. But if you choose others well being over a thing you grow closer to the true essence of who you are.

Things are nothing, there is no such things. Everything is made up of matter, but things itself do not matter by themselves, they just matter

through us, like flesh, gold, and diamonds. The life underneath the pine of the mind makes the things of the mind matter.

The life of all life is the sea which is underneath the pine of what matters to us on the surface, behind the veil of the mind. If the sea is dead there are no things because things are a matter of life.

That pine koan that you felt hit your head, it kinda hurt. That feeling of hurt is of the sea. The feeling is a thing and is not alive but it is of the sea so it is a matter of the life of all life, just like our body's are a matter of our lives. So, as long as we are alive these things matter to us but we do not matter to the things. Life lives through things, that is this life. Things do not love us therefore the hand we're dealt when we were born is based on luck, you're lucky if you are born with good strong health. This whole life is a gamble, it was a huge gamble to get here. That's the nature of things, they can't be trusted, they are a gamble. Things are nothing and that says it all, that life found a way to live through nothing.

Everything is nothing and nothing is everything, without life it would not matter, it's all a matter of life because it matters to us. The mind is the frame, the sea is the animating painting underneath.

Every tear you shed tears through to a new tier.
That's a mandala.

Every tear ends up in the sea where every tier was waiting.

Every tear you shed unveils another tier of being. The essence of a tear is a tier of the sea. The essence of a tier of the sea is a tear shed by a being. Tiers layered endlessly as the essence of a single tear is endless. A whole ocean of tears, each drop of endless tiers. It's a stairway of tears, each stair step a tier that sheds. An endless stairway of sea ever expanding with tears.

Shedding tears for losing someone, the truth of the loss that you see is the sea. You can see they are gone, that essential truth is the sea. The

cause of the shedding of the tears is from the sea that you see. When you see it, it is the sea.

You are an ocean in my eyes.
Salty and blue
Such as these tears
for how I feel without you.

Every tear you shed unveils another tier of being. The essence of a tear is a tier of the sea. The essence of a tier of the sea is a tear shed by a being. Tiers layered endlessly as the essence of a single tear is endless. A whole ocean of tears, each drop of endless tiers. It's a stairway of tears, each stair step a tier that sheds. An endless stairway of sea ever expanding with tears.

Tears shed from the eyes as we use our eyes to see so we shed tears from the sea. Its a full circle metaphor.

As the sea is all you can see. Shedding tears for losing someone, the truth of the loss that you see is the sea. You can see they are gone, that truth is the sea. The cause of the shedding of the tears is from the sea that you see.

When you see, it is the sea.

Can you ever truly see someone? I don't know, but if their eyes are sealed with love, you can get a good look. What if you are blind? If their voice carries love, you can get a good look even with no sight. What if you are blind and deaf? If they're feeling felts love, you can get a good look. I think what's getting in the way of us truly seeing each other is all the sin that keeps us each hidden from being seen. Are we all the sea? The sea is what we see. We are living through the sea from what we see. Our entire lives as we know them are of the sea. The tiers of our fates have always been in the sea, waiting for us to shed the tear of this life. So, are we all the sea or not? We are who we are, star seeds that were conceived in the sea.

Bound to die and recede back to sea, just a wave purging out on the shore that's bound to see on Judgment Day. The shore, that's this, that's where we are, where the waves are bound to crash, where our flesh is bound to perish. Sure, a word of allowance, not a yes or a no. This shore is "sure" for it is where all are given total allowance from themselves on it, it is where God allows us to take after ourselves by not stopping us before we do something wrong or rescuing us from danger, we are washing up on shore, washing what we wish for, free to explore, free to suffer, then recede back to see what it all measures up to be, where all suffering and loss is redeemed by the Grace of God to be somehow in some wonderful and miraculous way to be more than worth it to have been here in all its horrific suffering and tragedy.

Tie-Dye For When We Die

A life of different feelings felt to one day die. All the ties we tie ourselves to, people, animals, things, and places, all tied with rope to the weights behind the curtain. The man behind the curtain no one pays attention to cause he's the subconscious moon pulling the tide, pulling the ropes of all you have tied yourself to, changing the scene till you die. Tie die, that's the name of the act. The outfits at the merchandise booth will be tie dye from all the ties and dyed for when I die. Just like dyed fabric, when you've died it cannot be undone. Felt is dead feeling, felt was a feeling now it's dyed. Our feelings are tied to felts that are tied to us. Feeling dies to become felt that's dyed. To live a life then die to where all that you've felt has dyed into the colors of however it felt within the ties of every relationship with being, thing, and place. From all the hues of being to death: **the tie-dye of a human being.** Tie-dye.

When you tie a tie, the knot that's tied is the knot of all that's not the tie. Knot for what's not, the knot that secures you to the tie. When you untie the knot to a certain tie, you in effect tie a knot to a tie of all that was previously not tied. Untying a tie is always tying a tie. Tying a tie is always untying a tie. Ties untie. Unties tie. Every tie in every

nook and cranny of your being, creating the eternal pattern on the fabric of your very own constellation. The feelings die to become felt, how those feelings felt are the colors of dye, feelings die to be felt, literally, once you can't feel it anymore it is then felt. The fabric is all the felts. The dyes are the permanent sets of color of how the felt feels now that the feeling has died. When the human being dies, the fabric of their existence is set in permanent dye of all the experiences and choices made within the ties they tied to the fabric of their human existence. All the different hues of being human, all just different dyes that the fabric thats tied with ties gets set in, to be a tapestry of a constellation that you can walk among, each knot a star in the astro of the naut you become. The tie-dye of a human being. Tie-dye.

So you sew the seams of what seems to be together through your I as a needle passing through the eye of the cycle. So is the space between the point of the needle and the loop of the cycle where you sow to create an outfit that fits through the life that you live. Who knows what it will look like after we've been sown?

What's tied is your tide, it can be high tide or low tide, it all depends on what or who you've tied yourself to. The tide is always changing as your always tying and untying ties all the time, whatever you do or don't, whatever you want or don't, whoever you meet or leave, whatever it is, it is a tie you tie yourself to, whatever it is not is the knot that ties the tie to the mind as the mind only knows anything for what it's not.

The tide is not the sea, the tide is the pull of its tie to the moon, just as we are not what our ties pull us towards, the sea is not the pull of its tie to the moon, the sea is just simply experiencing tides from its tie to the moon.

The mind to the essence is the moon to the sea.

Just as the moons tide to the sea, the mind is tied to the essence so the essence experiences the pull of the tide from the mind where every tie pulls the tide of perception for how my sole essence perceives the ever changing experience that we call reality.

The 13 phases of the moon are all one event of reflection by the sea. Just as the 13 phases of the mind are all one event of reflection by the essence.

Tying a tie that suits the suit I'm wearing. What tie suits this circumstance? Does my tie suit my suit? When it suits I look distinguished. When my tie suits my suit of circumstance I can distinguish what does not suit my tie that pulls a tide that suits my essence inside. But, after all circumstances change and I'll need to tie another tie that suits my suit for my job at work where I handle the tasks that the circumstances put on my desk so I can get paid in the very work I've done, circumstantially.

Emotion, the motion of the sea, the motion of the essence beneath, emotion, essence motion, motion of the essence. The mind layered over the essence, the moon layered over the sea. The tides of the mind, the waves of circumstance, and the currents of the present are what set into motion the motions of the sea, the motions of the essence beneath, this is emotion. The essence is tied to the mind and the mind is tied to all that matters to me in my personal life. What matters to me in my life pulls the tide of my mind which motions my essence, my emotions, my essence motions. What matters to me like my family, my friends, my material possessions, my wants and desires, my circumstances, all that matters to me is each tied to the mind, it is all tide to the mind, tide of the mind is motion of the sea, motion of the essence beneath, essence motion, emotion, e-motion. From joyous highs of high tide ties to depressing lows of low tide ties, all tide that motions the sea or should I say the essence beneath? I think you get the idea. A wave of an unpleasant circumstance hits you and you feel an unpleasant emotion about it, that emotion you feel is the tide of the mind motioning your essence in the current of the present. All tide of the mind is subject to drastic change when the wind of circumstance sweeps you to tie new ties that will perhaps motion your essence in unfamiliar ways.

The 13 phases of the mind are...

Sensation

Perception

Attention

Recognition

Memory

Recall

Association

Emotion

Evaluation

Reasoning

Decision

Action

Reflection

What Seems Is The Seam

The river banks of the flowing body's of water of us. The river bank, the unmeasurable space. The river bank, where the body of water deposits all of its experiences to be withdrawn as qualia. All the experiences the body of water goes through in the flesh is deposited in the river bank of land wherever the experience lands in how it felt and seemed.

The river bank is the unmeasurable seam between current of water and land. The river bank is the unmeasurable seam of how the experience seemed between the flowing body of water of you and the land of wherever the experience landed beyond the seam of how it seemed. The land where it lands is what it objectively is and where it belongs. The river bank is the seam of the subjective seeming of how it is, always subject to change. The flowing body of water that I am, I look at the river bank, it seems this way, it seems that way, it's an unmeasurable seam. When you look and do not see, you are looking at the river bank. Cause when you just look, you do not see, when you do not see it is all seeming, the seeming is the seam that is the river bank, the seam between the body of water of you and what it objectively is. When I see, I see the sea. I do not see it for what it objectively is, for where it lands for where it belongs. I see the sea, whatever it is, ever changing as the sea. What I see now may not be what I see then, as the sea is always changing. I'm a body of water onward to sea, ever onward to see. If I see I've made it to sea. If it just seems, I'm a river on my way to see, just looking at the river bank on the way trying to get a glimpse of what it objectively landed to be in the eyes of God.

All that is new to you is all that you had not knew. New is knew. What is new to you, you had not knew. What you knew is not new to you. Knew was new. New was not knew. Everything and everyone that is new to you, you had not knew. Everything and everyone that you knew, you no longer know, so they are new to you again now that you no longer know them. New equates to knew. When someone is known by you they are familiar. When someone is no longer familiar with you they are now knew, a new person to you, a knew person to you, a k-new person to you. All that is new is knew. All that is knew is new.

The Nature Of The Mind

We cannot know anything for what it is. We can only see what we've made it out to be.

There is nothing you can know that will make you wiser. You can be told all the true information in the world and understand it all but still remain foolish, all because there is nothing you can know, all you have are your ties that you are constantly tying yourself to and untying yourself from, within these ties that pull you towards them with the weight of how much they weigh in matter to you, how much does it matter to you? The answer to that question is how much the weight weighs that you've tied yourself to, this is the ultimate metaphor for what are your ways. These ties are all tied to weights of matter behind the curtain that are used to place the scene around you, placing the moon that suits the rise of the coming day, placing the sun that forever suits the set of the play, placing the props that suit the scene for the roles we're playing. So again, there is nothing you can "know" in order to be wiser, you can only be aware of the ties that pull you so you can untie them from you by tying ties to what or whoever reveals the **light** inside you which places a scene around you where it's your time to **shine**.

The heart sees all that is inside of it. The mind knows all that is not inside the heart. When you are in my heart I see you for who you are. When you are on my mind I know you for who you are not. I see you when you are in my heart and I know you for who you are not. It's impossible for me to know you for who you are, all I can do is see you for who you are. All you can know is no. The perfect quote for the mind is "no it's not that, no I am not that, no you are not that." All I can ever know anything or anyone for is what and who they are not. We are not meant to and cannot ever know anything or anyone for what or who they truly are. All knowing is negation, that's why "know" is "no". Know is no. We can only ever see, that is the truth. Who am I seeing? What am I seeing? I am seeing the sea. All I can see is the sea, a current, a being, the source of life. I see the see, the ever changing sea of the deepest depths and the shallowest shores, I see the sea, the essence underneath, the source of life. To see is to be aware of the sea, to be aware of the source, to be aware of the animating essence underneath the mind of all that is not the sea. The mind is the foundation of this "reality" and the mind is a black hole that consumes all that is not the sea in order to know all that the sea is not, so that must mean that this "reality" is fundamentally "not

real" as the sea is all that is truly real for it is the essence of all of us that are experiencing this black hole of all that is not the Mother sea or the Father God or the Son that the world revolves as He saves us from all that is neither. I need to open my heart and let the whole sea in, as love for the essence of every being is the only way to do the Devine Will of the Father God and return the baton to the Son, Jesus Christ.

Know is no. Can I know when something or someone is? To know when something or someone just is, like to know when a banana is yellow and to know when a person is dead, all I know is the banana is no other color than yellow, and the person is no longer with us. All I know is what it's not. I do not know the banana is yellow, I only know it is no other color than yellow. Just like how you see the banana as yellow, it is actually all the colors that it's not reflecting as the yellow we see. Each color is every color it's not. When I say 'I know the banana is yellow.' I'm reflecting that I know the color of the banana is no color other than yellow. I do not know it is yellow. I know it is no other color than yellow. What I know is all it's not. I don't know anything for what it truly objectively is. I can only know something for what it's not. Know is no. No is know.

I know not that an apple is called an apple, I know it is no other name than apple and through that negation of "no" is what I see that is the name "apple".

That "knowing" we carry of things is simply the hole left by the negation that we see as a fact that's whole, like 2+2=4.

What is left from the negation of "no" is what is right that I see.

The hole left from knowing is the whole to see.

Through knowing what its not, what I see of it is the sea.

Do you mind if I put cheese in your cereal? You say yes I mind if that is what you do NOT want. When you are told to mind someone it means to be vigilant of what you do NOT want for them.

The mind is the refining of reality.

All you mind is all you do not want, we know what we want through all that we do not. All the mind can know is all we do not want. We know what we want through our hearts. The mind is the practical part of us that deciphers reality through all that it recognizes as what does not align with what the being using it truly wants. The mind is refining the being through what it finds is not in alignment with the beings highest self. The heart of the being holds all that the being wants, the heart of the being is how the being sees, the being looks through the mind of all it minds and sees from the heart. When the heart sees what or who it wants it is seeing what or who is inside of it. When you do not mind someone it means they are in your heart. The heart circulates the mind with all it holds to change the mind over and over, to get closer and closer to what and who is inside the heart, just like how the heart organ circulates the body, it is all a full circle metaphor of circulation from the heart of hearts, the mind is all that it is not, the mind is the foundation of this reality, that means that this reality is fundamentally not real, this is the meta, our hearts are all beats drummed from the heart of the Father, the being that I am is supposed to just listen to the song He is playing and mind the darkness that His song is turning to light through the beat of the hearts of flesh. We are supposed to mind the darkness, not to harden our hearts to not mind it so that we can continue to live in it, darkness is just empty space that the song of the Lord hasn't filled yet, darkness is the void of empty space, void of all that is good, our planet earth is smack dab in the middle of the darkness, that's why we call it space, the sun rises for the day and sets for the night, the Son is forever risen as He set on the cross so we can be forgiven. When you open your heart to Jesus He will come in and when He is in your heart He is then circulating through your mind for you to further mind the darkness to help you stop living in it. Jesus offers peace for the heart and mind. What does the being do in all this? The being is just fishing, hypnotized by the pull of the reel wondering what's on the line. Just fishin' huh.. ain't that somethin', is that all I'm doing? You're also playing a key role in the greatest reel ever written. So I'm an actor too? Yes indeed, you were cast for this role.

You are playing a character, all you care about is all you act on, you are playing a character, constantly acting on what you care about, a care actor. What if I don't like the character I'm playing? Cast the role you want to play and wait for a care to bite then reel it in, each bit of line that's reeled is each bit of line the actor acts on from the script. Every reel of the rod is the taping of the act for the reel, all that is real are the beings underneath who are doing the reeling and the strength of the rods of their wills to continue playing their parts.

I think it's best that we fully establish that the foundation of this reality is the mind. So that means all that we experience inside our minds with thoughts and imagination is the inside of the mind. And all we experience on the outside of the mind with nature, people, music, and food etc. is the outside of the mind, the outer side of the mind, both the inside and outside of the mind are two sides of the same coin that is the mind. The mind is how we decipher realty through negation. Underneath the mind is the sea, the essence. What I'm trying to do is differentiate the mind of how we perceive reality from what it truly is in essence by showing that the same sound points to shared essence every time as if there is a Kingdom of essence that the English language acknowledges with an open door of wonder.

Negation is the mining of the mind. Mining the mine of the mind, all that I've mined is my mind, all that's been mined is what makes up my mind, all that's been mined is all I know and knowing is only of the mind, and knowing is negation as we established, know is no, so all that's mined in my mine I do not know what it is, I just know it's not who I'm mining for. I'm mining my mine of the mind till I find the ore of love that comes in the form of someone who loves me and I'll see this ore of love with my heart and I'll know I've found it when I do not mind them. Once I've found her and the ore of her love is right in front of me, ripe for the taking, I'm met with the choice of the ore of "or" to open my heart and take the love that's mine or to keep my heart closed and leave her love behind. The choice is obvious but it's not always obvious in the moment, I want to know if I will mess it up,

I want to know if I'm just being tricked, I want to know exactly how it will go, all that wanting to know has made me feel too vulnerable to not open my heart and take the love that's already mine, but the thing is, the ultimate truth to that, is that there is nothing you or I can know, all I know is I do not mind her and love is not meant to be left behind. So when your faced with the ore of "or", don't make the same mistake I did, if your heart can see the love and your mind does not mind them, it is a major sign directing you to your best life. Just be vulnerable, Jesus Christ positioned himself to be vulnerable on purpose in order to disarm those around him by setting the Angel of Grace and Mercy within them free. The ore of love is just ore of "or" until the love is taken, it's not love until it's taken. Use the "or" of the choice as an oar to gently row through wonder about her or him till you reach the ore of their love rather than sitting stagnant in curiosity about knowing what you never can, which will only lead you astray.

The "ledge" of "know" is the "knowledge". The negation that is knowing eventually leaves only a ledge "under" you to "stand" on for to "understand". So, knowing is simply the removal of all that is not the ledge until all that is left is you and the ledge of what is "knowledge". A ledge with only a view of the sea where even the ledge itself corrodes and slips back to, as do we.

Understanding is the sole for the soul. The soul stands on the sole under his or her feet. The sole holds the souls feet as a foothold to the rung of the ladder that the soul climbs for a greater view of the sea through what we call understanding. Climbing up each rung, a rung climbed is a truth that rung true, the ring that rings truth true is a ring with a little tiny bell on it being rung at the top of the ladder that the soul is climbing to obtain for their love, a ring of total awareness, could be a halo, a precious ring I can't quite ever reach, so I can forever fall as I can climb for eternity.
As we can fall below so we can rise above.

13 phases of the moon reflected by the sea. 13 phases of the mind reflected by the essence. The moons tie to the sea ever leads to reflection of its tide. The minds tie to my essence ever leads to

reflection of what and who's tied. Moon reflection on the surface of the sea, the surface of the sea reflecting the moon. Mind reflection on the surface of my essence, the surface of my essence reflecting the mind. The 13th phase is reflection, no matter what tie you've tied yourself to, it's an inevitable reflection of the mind reflected by your essence. The 13 phases are a process for you to eventually see the real you through the reflection of all that is not you.

Glow of the moon from reflected light of the sun that illuminates the sea at night. The Son always shedding light that shines on the mind for my essence to reflect by leaving a reflection of all I am not, where I choose to face it to see who I am through it or turn away from it and be a shadow of myself, a shadow pushed through by the light of the Son like what lies behind all things under the sun.

What lies behind all things under the sun, shadows. The shadow lies behind a thing as it is pushed through by the light. The shadow self is what lies behind you, it lies to you to get you to look back, whatever it is that it can tempt you to look back at, remember you left because you are better off without what or whoever it is. You have come all this way to reflection, don't allow your shadow to get you to look back through how it lies behind. Forget how it lies behind you, put it to rest, and leave the shadow behind, where it belongs. Keep the reflection at the fore of your eyes and let it guide the vision of your sight, don't look back no matter how convincing it lies. It wants your past to eclipse the present. It wants to live at the forefront of your life rather than being just a shadow behind.

The mind is simply a frame for the sea. It gives the sea a structure that we grasp through its negation of knowing "know is no" that leaves nothing left but the sea to see. Even this mind frame slips back into the sea with all the structure it gave like sand castles washing away. I assume the only structure that's left after the mind slips back into the sea is Gods Kingdom of Essence, where there is ultimate sole order and balance where the sea of essence has its own form of structure independent from the human mind which I assume is a structure without limitation with no need for negation cause there is no mind frame to frame the sea its own way, we will just see the sea as

it truly is. I'll see my family, my friends, my animals, all apart of the same essence that is the eternal living sea. A living sea of the essence of every being. A living sea of essence that takes a Holy and Whole justified form for us to distinguish who each other are through the differences that we see make us who we are. Ive uncovered some form of this spiritual structure of essence just in what I've done with the English language.

The Fluidity Of Karma

Dew: the condensation of the water cycle. Do: the choosing of right or wrong within the cycle. Due: all that is owed to and from you.

You are a body of water. The liquid dew gathers into the body of water of who you are, all that you do is due to be dew that builds up the waters of who you are. All the dew that is building up you is the condensation of all that you do. There no escaping what's due from what's done, it's all a water cycle, what's due from what you've done naturally makes up you with every drop of dew from everything you do from right to wrong. The water of who you are goes through the cycle of this one life as we know it here on earth, the dew that is due to you from what you do gathers where you stand, where you stand is what you stand for. Wherever what you stand for stands is where you are due to be. The body of water made up of dew from all that you do is the body of water you are due to be. Dew, do, due. What gathers, what's enacted, and what must return.

Wheels Of Life And Death

Wheel of we'll. Where we'll be is where the wheel is wheeling. The wheel wheels the cycle of we'll. "We'll" for where we will end up according to the wheel. The Will of the wheel is where we'll turn it,

where we'll turn it is where the wheel turns. Where is the wheel? Before we can know, it has already rolled where we'll wheel it to. "We'll" is the wheel. The wheel is the fate of where we'll end up. All thats spoke are spokes of the wheel. As what's spoken holds together whats to be heard. Small wheel of small spokes of the herd. Big wheel of big spokes of the Shepherd. Small spokes we hear granted from the herd. Big spokes we hear by the grace of the Shepherd. Big wheel turned where small wheel is turning.

Big wheel turn the four winds. Small wheel turn the sails the four winds fill. Big wheel sweeps the currents in the sea. Small wheel rolled to what I currently see. Small wheel we'll wheel to big wheel. Big wheel wheeled small wheel where we'll be. Circumstances of the small wheel all circumvented by the turn of big wheel.

Where the small wheel is wheeling is where the big wheel already wheeled. In the small wheel we'll wheel to where the big wheel wheeled. Make peace in that the current circumstances in the small wheel whatever they are, are just what is around about where the small wheel is wheeling, they are around cause the wheel rolls around, they are about cause the wheel is about different ways to roll about them, each way we'll weigh to decide where we'll wheel. Constantly in around about where we weigh each way only to take the way we'll wheel into another around about and continue to weigh each way until they roll into one that is the around about where all ways meet, the around about we'll wheel around and about till the small wheel of all ways meets the big wheel of one way and you pass on.

The pieces of a perfect image, pieces of a puzzle scattered by sin. A puzzle that cannot be complete while in world that is not at peace. The missing piece is peace. It's a missing piece because it does not come with the puzzle. Peace can only be made, it's a deal that's to be dealt with, no matter what hand the dealer deals to each player. Peace is dealing with what's dealt to you without dealing a hand to someone else. The ultimate dealer is God, when you are dealt a hand of circumstances it is dealt by God wherever the big wheel turned. It just seems like it's someone else's fault when they wrong you, but it is

just the turning of the small wheel to where the big wheel already turned. Why was I dealt this hand by God? God does not choose the hand I am dealt. God does not ever choose and never has to choose. He just deals the hand to me. The Dealer deals what's dealt to you. What's dealt to you is the deal. The deck is shuffled by the hands that are dealt from it. It all started with two royal flushes in each of their hands. King and Queen ambassadors of God to the world, but they flushed their royal hands and lost their crowns when they put them on over God rather than under Him.

You take others peace by trying to fill the empty void where a certain piece of you should be but isn't because you cannot bear what it wont allow you to have. A piece that rejects thing above being. A piece that places beings above all things. The piece of your being that endlessly passes on peace from you not a broken piece of you. The piece of peace placed in its proper place through acceptance and sealed with love to be no longer a rejected piece leaving a hole in the rest of your being but now being of you to be whole.

When you need somewhere to rest on the path of light, the only true shade from the light is the cross, all the rest is just shadow to hide in. He was crucified on the cross for our sins so that we can still reach salvation, which is why the cross is the only true shade from the light because in the evil darkness of his crucifixion came the only way of having still rest from restless sin. You cannot rest in the light if not without sin and none of us are without sin, so the shade of the cross gives the only true rest for all sinners. The cross of where the Hand of His Will for His own blood to shed as our sins from us in His Name, Jesus Christ, and the Hand of The Fathers Will crossed together with His Hand of His Will to Hold as one Will to forever be two Hands holding as one Will from the cross of the two, forever providing shade to rest from sin in order to have space to repent. The cross is the eyelid and Christ is the eye that saw us through, through His crucifixion, so we can close our eyes to sin and see through too. The cross is what we cross from darkness to light, the space between of the cross is the only true shelter and shade from both.

when i'm in the dark
you are my lighthouse
when i'm in the light you shed
i've been saved
i'm a lost sailor
and you are my prairie
i pray for the mercy of the sea

The hole is for the Holy Whole.

We take each other's peace by trying to fill the hole where a certain piece of ourselves should be but isn't because we do not bear what it doesn't allow us to take. A piece that rejects thing above being. A piece that places beings above all things. The piece of being that endlessly passes on peace, not a broken piece of pain and despair that's often passed on and on throughout the world. The piece of peace placed in its proper place through acceptance and sealed with love to no longer be a rejected piece leaving a hole in the being but now of the being to be whole.

A deck of playing cards. Before the deck is opened and a game is played, it is literally perfect, whole in every way, totally in sync with what it exists to be, just a deck of cards. In the beginning when God created Adam and Eve, it was as an unopened deck, plastic wrap still sealing it clean untouched, existence on Earth was perfect in every way for every being on it, a sealed deck, Adam and Eve as ambassadors of the world to God as He Ruled, existence for Adam and Eve was totally perfect in every way. Being totally whole in perfection left a hole that they were not allowed to dig. A hole they would dig to know why they dug it. Once they dug the hole, they then knew why they dug it and that was to fill it, but it's a hole that cannot be filled for the hole they dug was separation from God so it cannot be filled with

what they dug up because what they dug up is separation from God, and God is the only one who can fill it, it's the **God shaped hole**.

The hole is for the Holy whole.

The more they try to fill the hole with themselves, the less whole they become. They try to fill the hole with the world and so the less whole the world becomes. So now the hole is dug and people are still trying to fill it with themselves, such is this broken world.

As you cannot fill what is already whole
so you cannot fill its hole.

The hole in what's whole is what completes it by making it whole. The hole in what's whole is the period at the end of the story that completes the book making it whole, but we wanted to know what the story does not tell, we wanted to know why we wanted to know what we could not know, but it turns out all we wanted to know is that we cannot know, that we literally cannot know, it turns out that the forbidden knowledge that was the apple of our eye is all that is not God, we knew God, now we know what is not God from that hole we dug, we don't know what this hole actually is or what it's for, but we know it's not God. We don't even know if we dug it, we just know God did not. God dealt perfect hands from a sealed deck, two royal flushes, that we flushed down the hole trying to fill the space of The Lord so we could do the dealing with His perfect untouched deck, which left the world we're born into as a gamble for what we'll be dealt in it. In this gamble we place bets on the hole for what fills it, call it religion, call it philosophy, call it spirituality, I call it nonsense because we cannot know, but even though I cannot know I'm still all in on Jesus Christ. Call it blind faith, call it desperate belief, I call it the only bet that rings like a true winner.

What tie suits this suit of circumstance? That's the very question to ask. You don't get to choose your circumstances, they are the wind that blows obliged to no one, all you can do is tie a tie that suits the

stance around about you. Let's say the circumstance is your on a sinking ship with no life rafts or any other floating devices and no one knows your in the middle of the ocean, this is when to speak through the hole, speak through the hole for God the Holy Whole and ask to be saved, so that you tie a tie that suits the circumstance of helplessness with a tie of dependence on the only One Who can help you. Speak through the hole because that is where he reaches to save. If you try to speak directly to Him, God the Holy Whole, it is coming from a place that does not need him. To speak to Him through the hole is to come to Him from a place of genuine need for Him because that place of need is the very hole we are talking about, the hole only God the Holy Whole can fill. Speaking to Him through the hole is where you will get the answer you need, somehow someway. As the hole of all that is not Him is all that He can fill. So that helpless circumstance of being stranded in the middle of the ocean with nothing to stay afloat is an example of the hole for the Holy Whole to fill. It's from the hole that we can experience the miracles of His Grace. Its from the hole that we need to be saved. So speak to Him through the hole, through the gapping empty dark hellish void that is being without Him. It's through that very hole that Jesus was crucified so He is Forever Risen, Holy Whole.

What Is The Dye Made of?

Roses for all you rose for. Carnations for all the emotions of being a human incarnation. The hues of the roses and the hues of the carnations are all the hues of being human. The dye is made from all the petals of each. Dyes of all you rose for and dyes of all your emotion. Pedals that I push to go, to brake, to clutch what I care about. Pedals that I push to sew faster or slower. Pedals for the petals to turn them to dye. Dye that sets in the fabric surely as the sun sets in the sky.

The fabric sets in the dye and the dye sets in the fabric. The death sets the life and the life sets the death. In a baptism, you totally

immerse in Jesus name. For a moment there is no air to breathe, you relinquish your willing for His Will. You set in His name and His name is set in you. That's baptism it's like fabric set in dye and dye set in fabric. It's an act of total immersion. The reflection of the act of baptism is the being and the being is reflecting the act of the baptism. When I set in His name, the body of water that I am reflects who I am set to be. When we pray, we are asking for something for ourself or someone else. When we baptize in His name, not in the name of "being saved" or "to go to heaven" or "guilt" but only in His name Jesus Christ because He is the one who saves. By day He died on the cross, the Son of Man set in The Fathers name, total complete immersion, He set His whole life in dye of the Fathers name and that dye is forever set in Him.

To baptize is to dye in His name. The fabric of your whole being dyes in His name and emerges fully dyed.

Baptie, tying yourself to Him in His name therefore untying every tie to sin. The knot tied to Him from being baptied is the knot of all the sin that is now not tied. The old self sets fully in dye and the new self emerges completely dyed in the dye of His name. As He died in the Fathers name for our sins to be shed from us as the blood He shed from Him. The tie we baptie to Him dyes us in that sole tie only tied to Him. A tie-dye to Christ.

When you need somewhere to rest on the path of light, the only true shade from the light is the cross, all the rest is just shadow to hide in. He was crucified on the cross for our sins so that we can still reach salvation, which is why the cross is the only true shade from the light because in the evil darkness of his crucifixion came the only way of having still rest from restless sin. You cannot rest in the light if not without sin and none of us are without sin, so the shade of the cross gives the only true rest for all sinners. The cross of where the Hand of His Will for His own blood to shed as our sins from us in His Name, Jesus Christ, and the Hand of The Fathers Will crossed together with His Hand of His Will to Hold as one Will to forever be two Hands holding as one Will from the cross of the two, forever providing shade to rest from sin in order to have space to repent. The cross is the

eyelid and Christ is the eye that saw us through, through His crucifixion, so we can close our eyes to sin and see through too. The cross is what we cross from darkness to light, the space between of the cross is the only true shelter and shade from both.

Different textures of felt fabric, different textures to feel to be felt. A feeling felt in grief of a lost loved one, that felts texture you feel, you still feel the felt of the loss, where is that felt you are feeling? You are feeling the felt of what was a presence you were present with. Now that they have died their presence is felt by what you feel of their absence. Even though you are not present with them, the felt you feel is proof that their essence lives on, as you can feel the absence of them. As you can see the absence of them, as you can feel the absence of them, you feel the pull of the tide recede, you see return to sea. A wake of the sea rolling to be a wave to crash and recede back to sea. A river onward to sea, looking at the seeming seam. All you see is sea, all you feel is receding to be felt. All I can see is receding to sea. I feel the essence in the recede. I see the essence of sea. I only see that they are gone, the water has made it to sea. I only see when I cannot see. I know they are gone, all I know is they are not here.

Like in a grocery store, the aisles have products on each side of the aisle, each product is a choice to choose, what choices I'll choose are the aisles I'll go down with outcomes either good or bad, healthy or unhealthy. Each aisle I'll choose is an isle of my own I land on with every choice. Ill is aisle is isle. I buy the choice of what I now live by, by bye of my old self. I buy my choices with bye to my old self to be by what I buy. Every choice I make is every self I sell that confines me in the cell I make. The cell of the self I sell. Cell is sell. Every sale is the sail to the next choice. Sale is sail.

Just fishing

Casting a role to reel in an act. Reel of an act into act of a reel. Cast of an acting role into role of an act casting. The act rolls on the axis of the role, the role is the line of the script being performed, the line of the script is the line you reel.

Role cast in a body of water, care hooks the actor leaving a character hooked on the line, the being inside reels the line the character acts on. The reel of the line is the real happening we see outside. Reel is real. Real is reel. Because it is a real being that reels the line of scripted destiny.

The being casts a role into their own body of water, a care gets hooked, the being reels in the care by acting on it equaling the character of the role cast by the being.

The being is just fishing himself with roles that he may or may not care to play.

If you don't like the acts of the role you're playing, stop reeling in that character and cast an opposing role and wait for the care to get hooked, then reel it in as acting on it. All ties of a role untie when tied to an opposite role. Just like an actor who no longer has to play a character once the reel is finished. We choose when we are finished with reeling a character. Once done reeling the character it is no longer real. Then the new character you reel is real instead.

Beneath all that is real are the beings that are just fishing their selves where they reel in all the acts we experience from great to evil in reality.

It's just fishing, patience is the name of the game.

All the real acts of actions are the reel of the beings inside. Reel is all that is real. Real is all that is reel.

Small wheel of fire. Fire for reeling cares of desire. Fire for all that's not that's burning away. Fire for reeling the inevitable character of destruction and disorder. Fire for when that character burns away. Small wheel of fire and rod.

The rod is the beings Will. All Wills of all living beings are the rods that wheel the small wheel from what we'll reel. What we'll reel is what will wheel the small wheel of fire and rod.

To tie a tie is to untie a tie. The knot you tied is for what is not the tie. I tie myself to you so I untie myself from not being tied to you. All I tie myself to, beings, places and things, all pulling me like the moon does the tide until I die setting me in the dye of my whole human life, some grand existential tie-dye, the spiritual kind, I wonder what it will look like. Each tie tied to a weight that weighs what it's worth to me, what it weigh is my way, they are used to create the scene around me for the role I'm playing. The role cast to me is the character I'm reeling. The line I'm reeling is the characters role I'm playing. The reel of the act we are all apart of is what we think is real, but all that is actually real are the beings underneath doing the fishing.

The line of the script is cast by the being who reels in the character that he caught when he cast a hook of care to act on it with bait of whatever he desires to get out of it, whatever it is, it's all on stage before God as you reel the character closer and closer to your true essence where every bit of line that you reel is every bit of script that's made real for this part you choose to play in this reel that premiers on Judgement Day.

Trains Of Love

The organism of a pure song trains the mind to mind essence over things. The mind is the train training to and from the tracks and the soul is the conductor that listens to the music for it to conduct an organization of the vision of what cannot be seen or shown to get the train to the station on time so that the love is not late, so that who is waiting at the station for you can board your train with the ticket of love that was given to them by you. Then when you arrive at the station, you use your ticket of love given to you by them to board their train, station after station, ticket given to ticket taken, on and on taking each others train of tuning into the station of love that only continues when you let go of the station and board they're train to

reach the next station of love, cause it's no longer a station of love when you've let they're train depart without you while still holding your ticket of love they gave you, which is why it's important to not be resistant to change if your heart hasn't changed. Board the train of what they mind and tune into the station of love on the track of their song from your hearts beat for them. When the train reaches a junction of two ways and you both can't agree on which one to take, it's a conundrum, drum the conundrum for the sound of wonder, which replaces resentment from disagreement with wonder for they're way. From the beats of both hearts beating for each other, and the sound of wonder from the drum of the conundrum, a new track will drop that you both can agree on, the new track which conducts a vision of compromise of the two ways that trains the train the conductor is conducting by tuning it one way to the station of love received by a signal sent from an oasis above.

Drumming of the conundrum. Constant of wonder.

Drum the conundrum to hear the sound of wonder. It took me all the way where the question drips, where the answer cannot be answered. I found a little dew drop of the condensation of every tear that will ever shed, then it dropped into the sea as the tear I shed from who I no longer see. Constellation of wonder, complete in its incompleteness. A glimpse of the center of the sun. A wave home to the only ever one. A linguistic map to essence of sea. A dew drop of the condensation of every tear ever shed, salty and blue. A complete deck shuffled by the moon. A dealt hand that tunes to the station that has the track you listen to, as the tracks that track you from the station you tuned in to, on the train you got onto, on the train that's training you by tuning you to the tunes you tuned into.

Listen to the song to see the organism organize your vision for clearer sight of what cannot be named or described to reach an awareness of essence so aware that you will see without being shown and you will know without being told as essence cannot be shown, told, or named.

The awareness you gain from the song is the love you give to the essence that keeps the organism of the song alive.

Music is awareness of essence. A song is an organism that lives through awareness of its essence. The organs of the organism are a perfectly connected melodic circuit carrying an electric current that shocks to life its story of endless renditions through who listens to see what cannot be seen for a love that's aware of what a lover does not tell or show.

The Song of Songs playing at the center of the sun, shining all in tune, it's light refracting through us as tunes we play from the wake of its initial ripple when the song dropped like a dew droplet of the condensation of every tear that has and will ever shed, leaving a sea of essence in its release.

A beat of a bleeding heart that never changes rippling the ever changing sea to wakes of beating hearts that change for different compositions of tune.

When the song is being played, the essence of the song lives through who it is music to their ears. The essence of the song is always out there waiting to meet who will play. Starts with essence then to sound then to story. The essence of song is a life being played out. The songs essence lives through who plays with it. You play the song and you play with the essence by dancing however it makes you feel in the ties of your story.

Wave Of Mutilation

A flag wave of mutilation, a wave of mutilation waving all the sins and despair and troubles of a human life on a sailboat of home that plants and flies the flag, allowing the four winds to wave it in its mutilation.

A flag like a country, stands for who died for it, who stands for it is who died for it. The sailboat of home sailing on the wave of mutilation till it reaches the eye land, the eye land, the land of who all eyes have

seen. At sea, you raise the tie-dye flag of a human been, tie-dye flag waving in the four winds. The post the flag is tied to, the post of a post human.

The flag waving of mutilation as sin is a mutation of a perfect image. The flag waves of mutilation as the wave of the life lived was mutilated by the sin done in it, that same wave recedes back to the sea continuing to be the wave of mutilation that I sail on, my flag waving of mutilation as the four winds blow it in absolute purity.

Sailing on the waves of my flag, navigating a constellation of my very own to mend every wrong I've made. Every knot tied to a right or a wrong in my life, to be a star of my constellation, leading me to what's right and to mend what was wrong while I'm at sea. I'll be at sea to see all I have done. The sea transmits your inner light to an ever changing tune, a sound you hear of when you were here so you can listen with the same ears. Perhaps you don't have ears that can hear, when the wave recedes back to sea, all the vibrations you felt are sound you hear with ears of when you were here. The sea absorbs the sunlight of the Son and converts it to warmth. When the light of the Lord shines on you, your essence absorbs it into comforting warmth. When you love, Gods light shines on you. You absorb that light to become warm inside in such a cold world. Sin scatters you but sunlight scatters in the sea so light reaches every scatter of your being, every scattered part of your essence that was abandoned for sin. The sea is essence of all we see. The fabric of my existence is all the felts of all I've felt sewn together by I as the needle threading the thread of mending forgiveness. Closing the seam of how it seems, sealing each felt of regret with a felt of forgiveness. Sealing each felt of grief with a felt of miss. Sealing each felt of hatred with a felt of kindness. Felt reconciles felt.

The human life I live is a wave that's been mutilated by sin, when it crashes and recedes, I'll be rolling on that same wave somewhere at sea.

I peer at the pier of all I am that is made of my peer of all I am not. A pier that is the sea docking on land so all can see what it objectively

is. A pier made of sea that docks on what only God sees. The pier we know is the pier from land over sea. The pier we have yet to know is the pier from sea over land.

The pain of the regret is the rain that grows the seed of your care by rooting through the ground of what you've done, the roots spread to give you a grip on it, a grip of the reins to the care, to take the care where it's needed to not make the same mistake. Feel the pain for the rain for to rein your cares so your being reigns.
Care is the horse you ride, the reins are how control where you take it, the rain is the water it drinks to stay alive, water of pain to continue your beings reign over the chemical carnality.

Care pulling a carriage of the character, going the way of what it weigh to the being carrying the weight of what the characters way weighs in care for what and who it's for.

Way weigh.

The way you take is the weight you carry, what the way weigh is how much you carry on that way. Way is weigh. Your own way is your own weight, your own baggage, your own outcomes. Another way other than your own

Your own way weighs what you can carry.

Each way weigh differently. Each way is what they weigh. The way is literally what it weigh. A way that's not your own may crush you under its weight, such as when things are the way you take, the weight of those things add up and there's never enough things to fill the void of your own way, the weight of losing everything crushes you under its weight when pondering the prospect of death.

Through the raze of destruction the rays of light shine on the fracture and you raise to beauty through the division of each fragment to a whole new refined vision of beauty so fine.

Pain is rain on the mind that helps it grow to be grasped like roots to the ground of a thorny rose. The rain is how you gain rein of your mind, so that you can reign over your mind.

A fractured life is a painful thing, but stand back and see the painting for its different paints under the broken frame, then you wont be left looking at the broken window pane to the living art through painted glass...

The fracture does not dim the light, the fracture refracts the light into beauty through the pain.

Keep your eyes on the Christ, keep carrying your cross. Fixate yourself on his crucifix.

Blue Rose

System
Syndicate on the stem
Of life
Cut the syndicate
From the stem
Then there is no system
There is only the stem
Where the rose
Grows on

A system around the sun, a solar system, a real full circle metaphor for God's son. Crucifixion on the set. Resurrection on the rise. Both one of the same sun of the Son. The S8N of Man.

Stuck in a system, the solar system, all planets propelling Gods plan, the best plan, a plan that catches us in His net, His planet earth. In other words, His work is to catch us in His net, it's His network.

Gods nature
has blessed our existence
with a carnal carriage
that carries our souls
to and fro caring
karma
can go as low
as it can literally go
literally linguistically
a literal stepping stool
to a stairway
in painful baby steps
we step upon it
and try to climb up
or just trip over it,
or just trip over it,
or just trip over it,
i'm tripping over it,
again and again,
"whats happening?"
it's a loop
"a loop, a loop, a loop."

parks and exits a red car
away from red blooded carnality
opens the front door
with the hearts key
enters a home

for eternity
where there is a color
never seen
by any earthling
which sets thee free
from everything
that seemed
impossible

First it's said, then it's heard, then it's felt. Here hear ear. Felt is matter you feel, matter is physical as is your ear, its just a sound you heard, its just a spell you've heard, pounding your heart beat, sound you hear, so you are here. The sheep who strays far from the herd hears less and less of the Shepherd, his wool grows fat and bushy, the sheep breaks the grand illusion by hoping the fence, then realizes its no better, in fact its worse. The sheep that strays, expands and divides into a new dream, the Shepherd picks up the silly sheep on the side of the road, but the sheep is now aware of a road, now the sheep dreams of where it leads, and these dreams only build up by the simple awareness of roads existence, the sheep doesn't bother hoping the fence again, now that its dreams are full and rich with possibility, it finds an all new position amongst the sheep grazing upon the prairie, the sheep now sees a prairie with a road out, it doesn't feel like it needs to struggle, all it needed to see was the road, the rest is completely up to the sheep, its up to the sheep if it cares or not, it doesn't have to matter. That’s what free will is for.

Here hear ear
Sound heard here
Carries a feeling
Felt that
Materializes itself
As ears
Sound heard here

And the ears
One of the same
Listening to the same word
Makes you part of the herd
of who heard
The one who speaks
The word
Is the shepherd

By now I wonder if I've revealed the linguistic structure of God's plan, if there is one...

This is where this stream reaches the sea. What you have just read you now know you now knew as its new again as a different stream, like never crossing the same river twice, the same eyes never meet the same vision once seen. To circle back through the linguistic mandala is to circle a whole new circle in the pattern of the geometric tapestry of your mind for a greater awareness of all that is not the essence beneath.

Linguistic Mandala. You may ask "What is the point of this?" And I will reply "There is no 'what is the point?' There is only 'where is it pointing?'" Take it as a direction pointing to the constellation of wonder. The constellation of wonder, complete in its incompleteness, whole through its unfilled hole, a question so perfect that an answer can never do it justice, an answer so fulfilling that it leaves no room to question it, constant of wonder, I constantly wonder.

A sailor sailing a sailboat, subject to the waves, trying not to sink by staying afloat on the surface of the sea. The winds of circumstance rise the waves that determine how long his boat stays afloat. The waves are all the circumstances that come the sailors way, all the circumstances that change the way the sailor takes, the winds of circumstance that fill the sail that the sailor uses to sail towards

circumstances to further stay afloat, to further read the linguistic map to find the sunken treasure hidden in the ABC's by whom we can only assume is God giving a Devine wink of love, a Devine wink that weens us off the surface world for us to get further in touch with the living essence beneath it all.

Heart artery art
Art comes from the heart
God creates the living art
We create the art within His art
Gods art as an artery
Circulating the body of work
as a heart of flesh